Approved For Release 2004/07/08: CIA-RDP80R01731R000900110026-7

THE WHITE HOUSE WASHINGTON

Feb. 16, 1954

Mr. Allen Dulles --

Another personal account from Mr. Jackson for a few close friends.

NSC REVIEW COMPLETED , 10/31/04

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Secty. to Mr. Jackson

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PERSONAL & CONFIDENTIAL

Letter from C. D. Jackson dated February 10, 1954

This has been the most dramatic day yet. I will try to give a blow-by-blow but don't think I can do justice to it. You have to hear the sound, see the faces change from pleasure to pain and vice versa, feel the danger of looming booby traps and get the thrill of coming through with the enemy visibly shaken.

Yesterday had definitely been our round. Molotov had talked interminably and said nothing new. When Dulles, next in turn, very quietly said, "I have heard nothing new. I have nothing to say," the Russians were thrown off base and started whispering to each other. Then Bidault and Eden both felt called upon to say something which gave M. a chance at another round. When he was finally cornered he pulled out what we had been expecting all along, the announcement that he would present a formal Soviet proposal for European Security.

All evening and part of the night and this morning we were trying to dope out what it would consist of. The boys had it pretty well taped, although they could not guess that having succeeded in embarrassing us. M. would throw the whole thing away and give us the greatest chance we have had thus far. By two incautious or arrogant or just ill-informed (I don't know which) statements the tide of battle swung right around and we nailed him so hard that I don't think he will be able to squirm out of it.

The beauty of the nailing is not just the satisfaction of scoring in the meeting. The real victory is that in one package he has been made to alienate East and West Germans, and, most important, the slightly neutralist SPD, plus the French, plus the British, plus anybody who wants to listen.

Molotov was in the chair and asked if he could talk first. The chair generally calls on the person to his left to open, but everyone agreed and Molotov started a long harangue on Germany and European security, winding up with a specific plan for the unification of Germany and a draft of a collective security treaty for Europe.

We were feeling less and less happy because although his proposals were phoney all through nevertheless they contained bits and pieces that could not help have appeal to the French and the Germans -- withdrawal of troops, neutralization of Germany, and a lot of subtle little twists that might look

good to the folks in Paris or the Socialists in East Germany, etc. etc. EDC was roundly denounced, but NATO was left vague.

Then came the block buster. The U.S. was specifically excluded from the collective security pact but was permitted to be an "observer" along with communist China. At that point we all laughed out loud and the Russians were taken completely by surprise at our reaction. Molotov did a double take and finally managed a smile, but the Russian momentum was gone.

When he was through he turned to Dulles who was next to speak. Dulles said that this was something new and complicated and asked for a twenty minute recess for study, and we all filed out.

Dulles, Bidault, and Eden got together for about ten minutes, and then Dulles had another ten minutes with his staff, and we went back feeling that we were in a tight spot but that we might get out of it. One of the reasons for our uneasiness was that Dulles had simply listened to the advice that everybody was tossing at him but had not given any indication that things had jelled in his mind. Personally, I didn't think they could possibly have jelled, because there had not been enough time.

He started very slowly, literally sentence by sentence, with long pauses while it was translated first into Russian and then into French. This was one of the rare times when consecutive translation was a blessing. Generally it interferes with the effect; this time it accentuated it.

As he got into it we all realized that he was on exactly the right pitch, leaving to the Europeans the job of defending the U.S. presence in Europe and Nato and sticking to those matters of history and principle which would force Bidault and Eden to close ranks.

When he got toward the end there wasn't a sound in the room. By that time he was pausing between paragraphs instead of sentences so that the final paragraph stood out in letters of gold. When he said that every country could make its own choice but that the United States would not be absorbed I almost bawled, and I am sure a lot of others felt the same way.

Then came Bidault who was superb, and then Eden who put the lid on it by saying very simply that the proposal was "unacceptable".

The whole Russian house of cards had come tumbling down and it could be seen on the Russian faces. Molotov was drawn, gray and angry and they were all scribbling furiously and avoiding looking up in our direction, which

they always do when they think they are doing well. This business of Russian omniscience and omnipotence in conference is nonsense. They are so rigid and inflexible that if one comma gets knocked out of place they don't know what to do. That is somewhat of an exaggeration as Molotov is so agile, but even he can't take two paragraphs being knocked out of place.

Molotov's rebuttal was pathetic and almost ruined him because he had practically to admit that his plan called for the liquidation of Nato, which is the one thing France and England know is their salvation. He also admitted that his scheme would probably perpetuate the division of Germany for 50 years which certainly will endear him to his German audiences and he also admitted that this business of troop withdrawal was a phoney because the Russians could come back any time they wanted, literally without any pretext other than the unilateral announcement that they felt like coming back.

Finally, when Foster, toward the end, said that classifying the Americans as "observers" may be considered by some a poor joke but by Americans as an affront after the blood and treasure the U.S. had expended in Europe, Molotov actually went white and then red.

We have maintained an advantage up to now, sometimes precarious, sometimes solid. I think that today has won the battle of Molotov's momentary bulge and that he won't be able to reform his forces.

The session lasted from 3 to 8:15, and then some of us went to the opera, arriving in the middle of the second act. When the audience spotted Dulles during the intermission everyone rose to his feet, applauding wildly and skauthings shouting, "Mr. Dulles, Mr. Dulles, Mr. Dulles". Tremendously moving.

This has been a day. My net reaction is that I am damn proud to be an American and that I know we will win.

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THE WHITE HOUSE WASHINGTON

Feb. 5, 1954

PERSONAL & CONFIDENTIAL

MEMO TO: Mr. Allen W. Dulles

FROM: Marie McCrum, Secty. to C.D. Jackson

A letter from Mr. Jackson asks me to convey to you his best personal regards.

Also, you might be interested in the attached excerpts about life in Berlin.

Marie Myrum

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Excerpts from C. D. Jackson letter dated Feb. 1

Bidault is really emerging as quite a here. He made the best speech of the whole week last Saturday. I hope it was reproduced in full in the Times. He has consistently shown a lot of guts and by now has come out so squarely for EDC and so boldly for German elections and freedom that he will never be able to crawl back on that limb.

JFD is also a hero. He has consistently made courageous sense, and if we covered so much ground the first week it was due to his generalship and constant tactical brilliance during debats. Time after time he outmaneuvered Molotov and put him in the kind of corner from which the only way out was either filibustering, which public opinion would not tolerate, or giving way, which he did three times last week. I am not implying that we have won but I am saying that we are putting up the kind of hard, smart fight that Mr. M is not accustomed to from our side, and most of the credit should go to JFD. It was his instant decision to accept Molotov's agenda, and it was a brilliant key more which threw M. off balance and permitted us to get to the German question within the first week...

Western solidarity is greater today than when we met in Bermuda. That is due to a few successes and the feeling that diminishing returns have set in on M's shopworn techniques. He just doesn't frighten them any more, and here again credit should go to JFD. He showed them how to talk up to the invincible and omnipotent Mr. M...

Today was the first day in the Soviet sector -- rather exciting. I felt like an old hand as I had had dinner in the Embassy last Thursday. The mechanical facilities are nowhere near as good as in our building. Smaller room, therefore limited delegation. No microphones or electrical translation equipment. Molotov talked for 50 minutes, and that meant two hours and a half when you add on the English and French translations.

However, their buffet was superb with Zarubin trying to funnel vodka down my throat. JFD stopped by our little table and Zarubin offered him a glass of Georgian wine. JFD said, "No thanks, I'd rather have vodka," and did. Wonderful. He is also very good at working with his staff. He consults them constantly and listens and frequently takes suggestions contradicting his ideas without a quiver.

My day starts at 7:15, breakfast and papers. Office a little before 9 to start reading the cables, of which there is an incredible pile each day, about an inch thick. At 9 I have a meeting with my little Berlin OCB... At 9:30 the entire delegation meets to hear world press reaction, exchange problems, receive announcements, and get the line from JFD or MacArthur. Then begins a fairly hectic series of meetings preparing for the day's conference, drafting speeches, editing, batting up ideas, getting research lined up for emergencies, etc. There is just barely time to get this done and we frequently wind up doing the last bit in the car on the way to the conference, like on the plane on the way up from Bermuda, only every day. Around 2:30 we leave for the conference. Each of us has a car and military driver assigned. As most of the drivers were brought up from Munich or Heidelberg and had never seen Berlin, which is a tremendous sprawling city, the chances of getting lost are rather high. The meetings last until 6 or 7. We then have a meeting with the press briefing beys and decide on the line. I then go to the briefing and keep a fatherly eye on the performance. I then make go back to the office at \$, 9 or 10, depending on length of press meeting, to try to clean things up there. Then dinner, which frequently doesn't start until 10 or 11. Then two or three nights there is stuff to prepare for the next day, so that I never manage to get to bed before 12 and the average is closer to 2. And then I have to wash my goddam nylons which is fun the first time but after that a chore of the first magnitude. So I would say that the tampayers are getting their money's worth.

Today Molotov really uncorked his major filibuster on German elections and rearmament and EDC. He threw in everything -- the U.S. bases, the Kersten amendment, Hitler, American subversion, the Nasis in the Bonn Govt., the German military spirit, etc., etc. etc. All of it old stuff....

Tomorrow will be a big day...in fact, tomorrow may be decisive.

It is now 12:55.

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